Miss Ruth E. Spring,
Brownsville, Ont.

254-11 Ma

Northern Messenger

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"NEIGHBORS"

By A. C. Chamberlain

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IMPORTANT PEOPLE

ALLAN COULSON, a young farmer whose search for his missing herd of colts leads him into many strange adventures.

BESSIE his sister and **ROBERT** his younger brother.

JOHN GRAHAM, a neighbor, owner of two of the missing colts.

* * *

"IT'S your lookout, Allan," said John Graham finally, "even if the law wouldn't hold you, fair dealing ought to prompt you to get my colts back."

"It does," answered Allan, "and, crop or no crop, I mean to put in every hour of daylight hunting until I find that lost stock; but I can't be everywhere at once and for that reason I may fail. I've got men watching every bridge and ford across the river and I'm going through every bit of pasture to the north and west; but somebody that knows the creatures ought to watch that they're not run out through the thickly settled farming district and that's got to be your business."

"How'll I do it," asked John doubtfully.

"Either see or phone everybody out that way. Notify them of the loss and give a complete description of every animal that's missing," answered the other promptly.

"I might do that and stay right here and work." John looked wistfully at his rows of uncultivated corn.

"You might, and you might not find your colts," was Allan's brief answer as he headed Mona for the north, "I'm going to take up the trail along the travelled road where I left off this morning and I won't be back until I hear something. If I can reach a phone, I'll let you know as soon as I've located them and you can gather up a posse to help me get them back," and Allan gave his restless pony her head.

"Oh, Allan," shouted John, the effort it was for him to be generous showing even in his strained voice. "If you need help, I—I—might," but the pony had broken into a gallop carrying the rider far beyond calling distance.

There was a continual stream of traffic passing on the long stretch of gravelled road between Mechanicsville and the free bridge across the Rock river. This, by the time Allan had got back to the place where he had dropped the trail that morning, made it quite impossible for him to pick it up.

His only chance was to follow along slowly, scanning every side road to see whether any horses had turned off in either directon. This he did, though the task was slow and discouraging. A cross road turned off nearly every half mile, and, though many of these were well trodden over none showed the jumble of hoof marks which would tell that a herd of loose horses had passed there recently.

* * *

ALLAN began to fear that he had in some way missed a turning off or that the fellow might be making a straight dash for the river, hoping to get the animals across before the pursuit had begun.

It was sunset by the time he had reached this stage of discouragement. The roads were growing hilly, the country broken and more or less wooded. They were reaching a lower level toward the river known as the second bottom. It was time to look out for some place where he could get supper and a night's lodging before the darkness of a cloudy night overtook him.

Directly ahead, a cross road bent abruptly to the west and just beyond the turn the outline of a house loomed up in the dusky twilight. A single light in the back part of the house showed that supper preparations were under way.

Allan turned his horse with a view to seek food and shelter here. As he did so an exclamation rose to his lips. In the soft black soil of the woods-road which ran before the house the confusion of hoof prints which he had spent the day seeking showed distinctly in the fading daylight.

There was no indication that they had stopped here. They seemed to have halted as if the animals had required urging along an unfamiliar road; but the tracks led on past the house and barnyard gate. Along the edge of a small wood lot, over the brow of the hill down into the gathering shadows at the bottom.

* * *

ALLAN wheeled his horse and rode back to the house next to the turning. The surroundings were neat and plain, the well-kept yard and garden plot seemed to indicate thrift. Doubtless it would be a good place to spend the night, if they would keep him, and he might here get some information about the missing colts.

He found the people hospitably inclined, for they gave his pony a good rub-down and feed, and offered him supper and a bed; but they could give

him no information about the neighborhood to the west.

The men declared that no horses had passed that day, but the woman remembered seeing a small bunch and had noticed particularly the two matched teams. She had also noticed their unwillingness to turn down the side road.

The family were newcomers who had been too busy getting their woodland farm ready to cultivate to learn much of the surrounding country, and they could offer no surmise as to the destination of the driver.

But Allan went to bed that night reasonably sure that he was on the track of his missing horses and fearlessly resolved to follow it the next day at top speed and overtake them.

He was awakened about midnight by the crash of thunder and thought rather dismally, as he listened to the downpour, that the rain would wash out the trail. But he was on the right track so far, he reflected with the hopefulness of youth, and he would follow and follow, and ask and ask and search. . . .

With this resolve, he fell asleep once more, soothed by the dashing rain and did not waken again until broad daylight looked in at the dormer window.

* * *

THE rain was over, though heavy clouds still drifted; but neither rain nor mud should hold him, Allan told his host at breakfast, since every hour might be taking his horses farther away from him.

"More'n likely they have been turned into one of these big river pastures," was the reply, "I don't rightly know about these things here yet, being too busy to go around much; but Joshua Smith, who lives at the other end of this mile of road, knows everybody in the township, there's hardly a rabbit run in this neighborhood that he couldn't tell you about."

It was toward Mr. Smith's that Allan headed his horse over the boggy slippery road as soon as breakfast was over. He was all his neighbor had claimed for him—a complete compendium of information concerning his neighbors and surroundings; but—he was shamefacedly apologetic in acknowledging it—he had not seen the colts driven past the day before. He was almost indignant in his certainty, that none could have got by without his observation; and was quite resentful that the youth had traced them down to this road, and his neighbor had seen them, and yet they had escaped his vigilance.

"And yet, it they was horse thieves, mine is just the place they would aim to miss," he muttered reflectively, "the point is, how'd they do it?"

He was so concerned over his lack of vigilance that, when Allan was ready to press forward on his search, he insisted that the young man should take a backward rather than a forward track, and he himself lent his company along the road, seeking a solution of the mystery.

"It's just as I thought it might be," he announced when they had reached the limit of his own farm, "I've fenced the full length of my place, but Benton that new fellow you stayed with last night, has fenced only as much as he's using. That leaves an open strip between the two places and that's where the critters was run through, see?"

* * *

ALLAN saw a rather hopeless strip of uncleared timber land, open to the road on this side, and leading he could not guess where.

"I suppose they thought they got the best of old Joshua that time," grumbled the farmer, as he looked through the tangle of low-hanging branches and underbrush, "But I'll show 'em I'm some smarter than what they think. I'll just ride through this cut-off, and I won't leave you till I set you on the road again. Thought they'd run a passel of stolen colts through this neighborhood without Josh findin' out anythin' about it did they?" he snorted, stirred to fresh indignation at the bare thought of such effrontery.

The old man was as good as his word, showing great pluckiness in sticking to the slippery track which led under dripping trees and over much uneven and broken ground. At last they came upon a clearing which led shortly into an open road.

"Now, however did they find this cut-off?" pondered Joshua Smith as he headed his horse onward to the west. "Looks like they had located their selves somewhere up in this direction. I'll make it my business to help you in your search, young man," he added, at which Allan felt that he had secured a strong ally. They rode a long way before reaching the next house, and there met with blank disappointment. No horses had been by that place the day before or at any other time.

"This road leads only into thicker timber," said the woodsman who occupied the small cabin. "Isn't any grass land. Your man must be making for one of the big pastures lying up no'th of here."

Without a word of comment Mr. Smith turned his horse about in the direction from which they had come.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Smith," said Allan gratefully when they had ridden as far as the cut-off. He regretfully expected to lose his big companion here, but the old farmer stared at him in amazement.

"You don't s'pose I'm going to let them fellows get the best of me this way!" he exploded. "A running a bunch of stolen colts right by my place and me never finding out nothing about it!"

* * *

THERE was no other house in this direction until they reached the gravel road again; but there was a second cut-off, formed like the first, which Joshua Smith decided to follow, expressing more emphatically than ever his opinion that "Them there fellers" must be located up here somewhere about, to know the ins and outs of the timber paths so well.

On the next road there was a house and here at last they obtained some definite information. A herd of colts had come by last night going west, and had turned at the corner a half mile below.

Here was a fount of information from which Mr. Smith could not be driven until his thirst was fully satisfied. Allan had stifled his eagerness to go forward, hoping here to learn more of the country to the north, and so he accepted an invitation to put up the horses and stay to dinner.

"I misdoubt I oughtn't to leave you," regretted Johua Smith when, the meal over, Allan, brought the horses around. "From what I hear there's a passel of traders or horse dealers got a place up beyond, fenced off in pasture. There isn't a reasonable doubt but that was where your stock was headed. I got to leave you now, 'cause I have business at home. But I'll start out tomorrow and follow up. Might be you'll be needing help about then." Then, without waiting for thanks or good-bye, the old man turned back into the damp timber.

The afternoon passed drearily for Allan and without event. Twice he heard of his colts and both times they were still going north. Towards night he obtained shelter from another new settler who, like his last night's entertainer, knew little of his neighbors.

"If I were you," warned the man as his young guest was about to set out in the morning, "I'd get help before going up yon after them animals, if that man would go so far as to carry your horses off, he won't be just standing around waiting while you come and take them back. Mark my words!"

"If I once get sight of my colts," declared Allan with an obstinate set of his jaw, "I'll find a way to nail on to them."

With these parting words he started his pony in the direction of the "big pastures" which he was told, lay two sections directly north. There was evidently some mistake about this,

(Please turn to Page 4.)

BROKEN BICYCLE

By C. F. Bodsworth.

For the Messenger.

POUTING and muttering angrily to himself Bruce Cartwright tramped along the sandy country road towards the village of Kirkton.

"Of all days, mother would want something from town today!" he grumbled, kicking peevishly at a can that lay in his path. "It's bad enough to have to walk the two miles to town anytime but I was hoping I wouldn't have to run any errands ths morning!"

It was the day of the big aeronautical field day at the Rupert airport about ten miles from Bruce's home. Bruce was an enthusiastic builder of model planes and a student of amateur aeronautics and of course he was very anxious to get to the airport for this display. It was too far to walk and until the day before he had had no way of getting there but just yesterday Phil Gregory, his chum and another ardent model builder, had come puffing and excited to Bruce's home.

"Dad's going to get me a bike! A new one too!" Phil had exclaimed. "And I'll have it by tomorrow, so we'll be able to go to the airport now, I'll ride you on the cross-bar."

All last night Bruce had hardly slept and now this had to happen. Phil was to come for him at ten o'clock and it was nine-thirty now, he couldn't possibly be back from town in half an hour.

"And Phil won't wait for me, neither," Bruce grumbled to himself. "He's too anxious to get to the air meet himself."

"If I could borrow a bike I'd get to town and back in a few minutes," he muttered as he threw a clod of dirt at a meadowlark singing from the top of a fence post.

"But, just my luck, none of the fellows around here has got bikes."

He was just approaching the McCord farm, it was the third farm along the road from Cartwright's, when with a sudden start of surprise he gaped ahead of him. Leaning against the front gate was a bicycle.

"I wonder if I could borrow it for a few minutes?" he asked himself and began tramping along faster.

But as he drew up to the gate he became aware it was a bike he had never seen before. It certainly didn't belong to anyone he knew and there was no one in sight around it. His sudden flash of hope faded instantly for he realized that there was small chance of him borrowing a wheel from someone he didn't know.

Opposite the gate he hesitated, and then stopped, peering into the farmyard.

"I'd only want it for a few minutes," Bruce thought, "and I could have it back before the fellow that owns it ever missed it."

"Of course I really should go and ask but if it's someone I don't know he wouldn't let me have it then."

For a second or so he stood there in the road undecided and then stepped up to the side of the bike. He could have it back in the same place by the gate before the fellow came out after it. Uneasily he jumped onto the saddle but not until he had sped in behind a hedge that hid him from the farmhouse did Bruce feel entirely at ease.

He made short work of that two mile trip to town and within six or seven minutes of the time he had jumped onto the bike he was hustling into the store to buy the things for his mother. Breathlessly he grabbed the bundle a minute later and then was once more pumping hurriedly towards home. He'd be able to get back in time to go to the airport with Phil, there wasn't any doubt now. As long as the fellow who owned the bike hadn't missed it yet, everything would be all right.

When he reached the top of the hill that led down towards the farm where he had taken the bicycle he was puffing with exhaustion and almost played out. But even then he didn't stop pumping to coast down the hill, he must get the bike back against the gate where he had found it and run on home before the owner came out. With his legs going as rapidly as he could move them Bruce was almost flying down the hill and then suddenly there was a snap at the hind wheel beneath him. In the same instant Bruce was catapulted into the air over the handlebars as the bike came to an abrupt stop and rolled over with a crash of metal onto the road.

Gingerly Bruce rose from where he had fallen. Wiping a skinned and bleeding elbow with his handkerchief and limping painfully because of a bruised knee he stepped back to the side of the wheel and gazed down at it with a long face. The chain had come off the sprocket and got caught between the spokes of the hind wheel and the frame and so fast was he going that almost half of the spokes had been ripped out. The one side of the handlebars had been bent too when the bike crashed to the ground.

What would he do now? With eyes askance he glanced timidly down the road ahead of him, there was no one in sight. He picked up the wrecked bicycle and set out pushing it slowly along the road, his one knee was beginning to pain him more. For a second or two he hesitated behind the edge of the hedge that hid him from the farmhouse and then stepped out in view. There was still no one around the house.

When he leaned the bike against the gate he paused, looking fearfully into the farmyard. Would he go in and tell what he had done or . . . ? With an uncomfortable feeling of guilt Bruce turned and hobbled hastily down the road, he wanted to run but his bruised knee wouldn't permit it.

His mother was surprised to see him back so soon.

"I borrowed a bike," Bruce explained, but said no more.

"Has Phil been here yet?" he asked hastily.

"No, not yet," his mother answered.

With a smile of relief he sank down onto a chair to wait.

About ten minutes later Phil whistled from the front yard. His sore knee forgotten now Bruce grabbed at his cap and rushed out the door but on the doorstep he stopped to gaze surprised at his chum. Instead of a cheery smile Phil's face was cloaked with a gloomy look of dejection.

"I guess we won't be able to go to the airport," Phil said sadly. "I had to go on an errand down to McCord's for dad and while I was there somebody took my bike and smashed it all up."

Phil dropped his eyes and gazed gloomily at the ground at his feet. Bruce remained motionless staring at Phil with mouth agape.

"Why. . . ." Bruce stammered, "I thought your bike was to be a new one."

"No, dad bought it for me at a second hand bicycle shop," Phil answered. "It's all rebuilt and just like new, though. But how did you know that it was. . . . .?"

"Well . . . I guess I was the one that broke it," Bruce broke in, admitting it shamefacedly as he stared timidly into Phil's eyes. "I didn't know it was yours and I was in a hurry to get up town for mother and be back in time to go with you."

Phil glared at Bruce.

"Why didn't you come in and tell me," he said angrily.

Bruce could see that their long friendship was going to be broken up.

"I'll pay for the damage," he volunteered hurriedly, "and I guess . . . I've kinda learned not to do that kind of a trick again."

Phil turned abruptly on his heel and began to walk away. Bruce gazed after him sadly for they had always been good pals and Bruce hated to break up with Phil.

"Come in and see the new Super Hawker Fury I'm building," Bruce called after him in a desperate attempt to hold the old friendship.

"I don't want to see your plane!" Phil growled, but a second later he turned. "How big is it?" he asked.

"Forty inch wing spread."

"Boy, it's going to be a big one, isn't it?" Phil said and started back towards Bruce.

Just as they stepped through the door together an announcement came over the radio from the Rupert broadcasting station.

"The squadron of army planes that were to take part in the Rupert airport field day have been held up by weather conditions and the air display has had to be postponed. It is to be held next Saturday, one week from today."

Phil jerked around and pounded Bruce on the shoulder. "We'll get my bike fixed and go after all!" he exclaimed.

"NEIGHBORS"

(Continued from Page 2.)

for there the land lay open and unused, but some distance along to the west the fencing began again, running north and west.

* * *

TO ALLAN'S delight, he could see horses feeding a short distance within. He was too far away to distinguish markings and color, but at the first sight of them, he began the shrill whistle with which he used to call his colts at feeding time.

In an instant several animals stopped feeding and raised their heads to listen. A moment more and they were by the fence and he saw a row of familiar faces, starred and blazed, thrust forward in greeting.

"Hey, there! Out of that!" yelled a harsh voice suddenly. Then Allan heard the sharp crack of a whip, and a man, thickset and clumsy, his hat pulled low over his eyes as if to prevent future identification, came running from the timber at the left. The collar of his dark coat was turned up to further conceal his features; but risk of detection or not, he was plainly determined to hold possession of the stolen horses, which he was urging along the other fence at right angles to the road.

Mona was loping now at full speed, but Allan, in his eagerness to keep the colts in sight, tried to turn her abruptly into the open field next to the pasture fence. He had often before tested her agility in that way.

Today, however, the roads were still slippery, the pony attempted to wheel and, in turning, fell and rolled over, catching her rider underneath.

In a moment the active little creature had scrambled to her feet. Allan attempted to follow and a sharp stinging pain shot through his right foot. Once, twice, he repeated the effort, but the pain grew worse and the boy sank back with a groan.

BOOKS

By ALICE JEAN MOWAT

Books are the friends that lead us on
To new and distant trails,
That take us to the mountaintop,
Up through the shadowed vales.

They show us pictures of strange scenes
Beneath a foreign sun,
And talk to us of days gone by,
Of noble deeds well done.

They stir the heart with thrilling tales
Of men on land and sea,
Then speak to us of love, and home,
And life's great mystery.

What joy to have such friends as these,
Whose knowledge we may share,
For in their company we find
New treasures everywhere!

—Selected.

Far away across the pasture the sound of the galloping horses grew fainter and then died away. There was urgent necessity for prompt action.

"Here, Mona," he coaxed, and the pony, who sometimes led him a frolicsome chase of half an hour in the freedom of the pasture, now came close and nuzzled him. He caught hold of the hanging bridle, and then her mane, and succeeded in drawing himself up on one foot. The other hung useless.

His only hope now, he decided, was to get some passerby to carry him to the nearest house and from there to send out a call for a posse to surround the pasture and seize the stolen animals. John Graham must be summoned to identify them, "Oh, why had he been so foolishly independent as to undertake this task alone?" he thought with a groan.

* * *

A TEAM might not pass along this unfrequented highway for hours to come.

At that moment the slow rumble of an approaching wagon awakened his hope and he looked around eagerly. It was a farm wagon driven by a large-eyed Swede.

The man looked curiously at the pale boy standing motionless by his pony, but seemed about to drive past without speaking.

"Here, you," called Allan, forgetting ceremony in his excitement and distress, "I'm hurt and I've got to get somewhere right off. I want you to load me onto that wagon and take me."

"Ah bane beezy," replied the Swede unemotionally.

"I don't care if you are," exclaimed the boy excitedly, "I've got to go. If you'll help me onto that wagon and take me to the nearest house, I'll give you five dollars when we get there; if you don't, I'll give you the best thrashing you ever heard of as soon as I get well."

"Ah bane beezy," repeated the Swede, without altering the expression of his round ox-like eyes in the slightest degree; and then he drew up on his lines, clucked to his plodding team, and slowly moved away.

(To Be Continued.)

PARADOXICAL

"Your English language," sighed the young Frenchman, "will drive me mad!"

"What's worrying you now, Pierre?" asked his British friend.

"Yesterday my English employer he said to me, 'Do not waste the electricity, please. I do not want to have a heavy light bill'!"

Youth Looks at the War

"This war, bitter as it seems, may well be only the beginning of our chance to prove ourselves. Every brave life given, every heroic deed done, is only another revealing flash of the existence of God in us."

By "Just Twenty-One"

A RECENT article in the N. Y. *Sunday Times* forces us to consider what richness of treasure in the form of human personality is being poured out in this war. Our loss reveals to us suddenly the richness of God's endowment of humanity. We begin to value human personalities more greatly when they are taken from us. Our very losses show us what we are fighting for as we go on.

The *Times* article says:

"Rembrandt was killed at Rotterdam in the bombing that took place after the surrender. Shakespeare fell at Dunkerque, trying to get the wounded off. Goethe got the bullet with his number on it at the crossing of the Albert Canal, and Beethoven fell at the moment of victory in front of Lille.

A dive bomber took the life and genius of Pasteur when the Ninth Army broke, Victor Hugo was killed in action over the German lines, Dumas and Anatole France hold perilously a ditch on the bank of the Somme. Newton and Faraday, Semmelweise and Koch, Curie and Ehrlich are wounded, missing.

"Is this only an unhappy fancy, compounded of bad news and uneasy dreams? We shall never know. We shall never know what men of genius took their quietus in the Battle of Flanders or will perish in battles yet to come.

"We shall never know what gifts meant for all mankind forever were sacrificed, or will be, on the altar of an unholy ambition. The dive bombers and the flame throwers do not discriminate. A Darwin, a Dante, a Columbus, a Kepler, an Ibsen, a Grotius, an Erasmus, a Thomas Aquinas, a Marconi, a Keats, a Cezanne, a saint or a sinner, a wise man or a fool, it is all one to them.

"They who strike at the flower of European culture strike also at the young men who might have cultivated it. The singers will be silent, the artists' paints dry up in their pots, spiders will weave their webs in the laboratories where men were to have been made wiser and happier, statesmen who might have led their countries toward peace and freedom twenty years hence will lie in unmarked graves. Some will survive, but never shall we know what infinite human riches have been lost."

"So What?"

YES, infinite human riches *have* been lost. Humanity must lose much of its very life if it is to save its soul. But, please God, this sacrifice will make us realize that a soul is not a thing that can be carelessly owned or cheaply redeemed. We people of the democracies, the great mass of ordinary people, have been rather cheerfully careless about our souls in the past twenty years. We were busy living our lives, working at our jobs, amusing ourselves. We were a little ashamed of showing any passionate love for our country, our home or our church, a little afraid of having—certainly of talking about—any deep religious feeling. We have masked our deepest loyalties under an exterior gaiety, a slight cynicism, a "so what?" attitude, afraid of what the other fellow might think. Most of the time, though we did not know it, he was thinking just what we thought, deep down.

First Place

IT took a major crisis to wipe off the mask of careful indifference, to tear away the curtains of fear, of self-protection from dreaded ridicule, of inferiority—and to bring our real convictions out into the light.

All that we have valued inarticulately, loved rather condescendingly and clung to in emergency is now yanked out into front place in our lives.

Truth, honor, freedom, faith in God! Those are the things which the young men and women of the Democracies really believe in.

Some Sort of Answer

THE writer is one of those youth—one who, facing the uncertain world of the 1930's, with its wars and rumors of wars, its seethings and anxieties and fears of coming crisis was bewildered, stirred, challenged to think through the problems of youth of one's own age. One felt it necessary to reach an understanding of life's values which would at least reconcile for oneself the high hopes and ideals of youth with the claims of Christian conscience and the necessity of meeting the reality of life in our world with some sort of an answer and a program to follow.

The conviction which came out of this grappling with facts is very simple. Democracy is on trial. Civilization is on trial. We who represent them constitute the evidence for or against them. It's a very serious trial, our opponents are very strong and clever and our evidence must be thoroughly convincing to bring us through. What is our evidence, what are we?

Our forefathers worked, preached, pioneered, fought for their principles and stuck to their convictions. They left behind the seeds of tremendous progress, the benefits of which we have reaped.

But what we are can not be measured by what we have. We possess a great inheritance. We have done much to perfect it in outward and material details. But the only thing that will *protect* it is the inward and spiritual perfection of our own personalities. And to cultivate that perfection is not an easy task. It costs time, energy, self-denial, courage, persistence, blind determined faith and resolute thinking through of problems and facing of catastrophes.

All this we have been a little afraid to do. Life was so secure and so pleasant for a great many of us. (I am not speaking to the underprivileged but to the thousands who have had a fair chance and whose responsibility is therefore greater.) When material success, and the ability to keep up with the crowd were made so important it was not easy for young people to choose the hard task of soul-cultivation and deliberately lose some of the placid comfort of life in order to save the soul which nobody saw nor seemed to think much about.

Misdirected Energies

IN many countries subversive forces took advantage of the suppressed aspirations and ideals of youth and have misdirected them into channels of progress toward evil ends. The great tragedy of our age is that the soul and strength of so much of the world's youth has been misdirected and is being misused.

To deny the existence of a fiery desire within us to give ourselves in discipline and sacrifice for a great cause is pure nonsense. We must admit that there is something within humanity which cannot be watered down to comfortable materialism and self-seeking.

(Please turn to Page 9.)

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JUNE 14, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Seek peace and pursue it.—Ps. 34:13.
Mon. : God will speak peace unto His people.—Ps. 85:8.
Tue : Rightness and peace have kissed each other.—Ps. 85:10.
Wed. : Great peace have they that love Thy law.—Ps. 119:165.
Thu. : Thoughts of peace and not of evil. —Jer. 29:11.
Fri. : Follow peace with all men.—Heb. 12:14.
Sat. : Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee.—Isa. 26:3.

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—Shakespeare.

Take what is,
Trust what may be;
That's life's true lesson. —Browning.

They enslave their children's children
Who make compromise with sin.

—Lowell.

It is not what we give to God but what we keep from Him that makes us poor.—Sel.

"Their Turn Has Come"

THE Rev. H. Wallace Bird, Vicar of St. Elizabeth, Eastbourne, writing in his parochial *Chronicle*, says:

"I was talking to an old ex-Service friend of mine a few days ago. He has three sons. He said: 'Do you remember my remark when we marched together in the Armistice procession two years ago when we saw the crowd of younger men standing on the kerb as we passed?' I did remember. He had said: 'It will be their turn soon.' Their turn has come. I wonder how indicative of a spirit of despair that man's question to me was? 'Shall crime bring crime for ever?'

"Are people beginning to surrender themselves to the hellish conviction that human nature cannot be changed? That there cannot be a new world, a new order, a war to end war? Have you noticed a tendency to talk of fate, of superstition, of horoscopes? Do you think there has been any appreciable increase in piety, praying, worship, or almsgiving Do you find people generally inspired by a great hope, driven by a great purpose, ready for any discipline and any sacrifice that their vision of a new country and a new world may become a reality?

"If our cause is as great as we have declared it, I believe these are fair questions to ask myself. More than that, I must ask myself if any of these things—hate, licence and doubt—are in me. These things are demons, and I know of Someone Who can cast out demons, and that Someone said that these things are only driven out through a greater force.

"The greater force is the very power of God, but prayer and fasting there must be, too. If hate, licence, and doubt are the enemies of my country, then before I can truly serve my country these things must be cast out. To God I must go and claim from Him the power to unseat these evil things."

I am to see that the world is the better because of me and to find my reward in the act.—Emerson.

The more we love, the better we are;
And the greater our friendships are,
The nearer we are to God.

—Jeremy Taylor.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

Gather the crumbs of happiness and they will make you a loaf of contentment.—Anon.

Home—where each lives for the other and all for God.—Anon.

How to Pray

Pray for your nation and your loved one and yourself, as one who believes that prayer opens the sluice gates through which—by His own eternal decrees—the power and love of God the Infinite sweep into this little backwater we call life on earth. And at the end of your prayer say, "Nevertheless not what I will but what Thou wilt." Here is the model prayer, whatever happens to us,

"Our Father in Heaven, may *Thy* name be hallowed,
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On earth as in Heaven, Amen."

—Leslie Weatherhead.

NOW

Now, if ever, is the time to draw on all our spiritual resources. Millions the world over are hourly tuning in with fear and hope in their hearts to hear news. Ours is the priceless privilege of contact with the Source of p o w e r and information which no bombardment can d e s t r o y. Everyone who listens to that Voice finds new confidence and inner strength. P o w e r floods in which meets the deepest need. If those who have found this experience are ready to give all, the radiating e n e r g y that works through them can lift the entire n a t i o n to fresh levels of courage and self-sacrifice.—Sel.

"It is the personality behind the dead that makes the dead unforgettable."

Young People's Bible Reading

Malachi Calls for Faith

by BEREAN

For Sunday
JUNE 23, 1940.
Malachi 3:
7-18.

THROUGH the exertions of Ezra and Nehemiah, under the inspiration of Haggai and Zechariah and the leadership of Zerubbabel and Jeshua, the temple was completed and Jerusalem rebuilt and fortified.

The temple was smaller and less magnificent than Solomon's grand structure (Ezra 3:11-13), but Haggai had faith to see that the "glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former." (Hag. 2:9)

The priestly services of the temple were reorganized. Much attention was given to the musical portions of the services. Our Book of Psalms has been called "the Hymn Book of the Second Temple." There had been short collections of psalms for public worship before this. Now, however, the "Hymn Book" was enlarged and revised. It is likely that a good many psalms were written about the time of the return from Babylon. "The Songs of Degrees (or Ascents)" (120-134) may refer to "going up" from Babylon to Jerusalem or to the annual pilgrimages to the temple to celebrate the feasts. The Hallelujah Psalms 104-107, 111-117, 135-136, 146-150 also probably date from this period.

DISCOURAGEMENT

BUT when the Jews found that the glowing pictures of the prophets did not work out immediately, a general depression and discontent set in. Priests and people became careless and indifferent. The services in the temple became formal and perfunctory. People became harsh and unkind to their neighbors and sought satisfaction in the lower levels of life.

Poets and reformers have "long sight." They see the "Good Time Coming" and feel that it is "at the doors." When it is not fully realized at once they keep on hoping and working, knowing that without fail it will come some day.

After the war of 1914-18 people expected a new world of peace and brotherhood. We have been disappointed but we must not let that shake our faith. Perhaps we allowed some flaw in the building. We must build better next time.

Browning's brave man was

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

We give Thee but thine own
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blessest us
To Thee our first-fruits give.

Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

And we believe Thy Word
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for these we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.
—*Bishop How (slightly altered.)*

So there were brave men who spoke out and tried to turn the minds of the nation to better things. We study the words of one of these men today. The name Malachi means "My Messenger." It is not used as a proper name elsewhere in the Old Testament. The first verse of the book would read in Hebrew, "The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by the hand of My Messenger." The value of the book does not depend on the name of the author. It consists in the fact that he was a Messenger from God to his people. As we study his words we may find that he has a message for us.

Chapter Three begins with wonderful words which had their fulfilment centuries afterwards in the mission of John the Baptist and the coming of our Saviour.

"But who may abide the day of His coming." This passage comes beautifully into Handel's 'Messiah'.

The root of the evils in the nation, of their superstition, their wickedness, their falsehood, their greed, their unkindness to their work people, to the widow, the fatherless and the stranger, was that they had forgotten God.

"RETURN UNTO ME"

WE take up our detailed study at v. 7. From the days of your fathers.—All through the history of Israel God had been trying to make His people understand His will as the only foundation for individual and national welfare. (Isa. 1:2-20; Jer. 7:22-28; Ezek. 20:5-20 and other passages.)

Malachi repeats the call of Zechariah (1:3) "Return unto me, and I will return unto you saith the Lord of hosts." Note that expression "the Lord of hosts." We spoke last week of this great Title of God.

But ye say.—They affect ignorance as to where they have failed to "return." (See 2:17)

Will a man rob God?—"You are doing what it is incredible that any man would do." (Driver)

But ye say.—Again the affectation of ignorance. The whole nation was "robbing God."

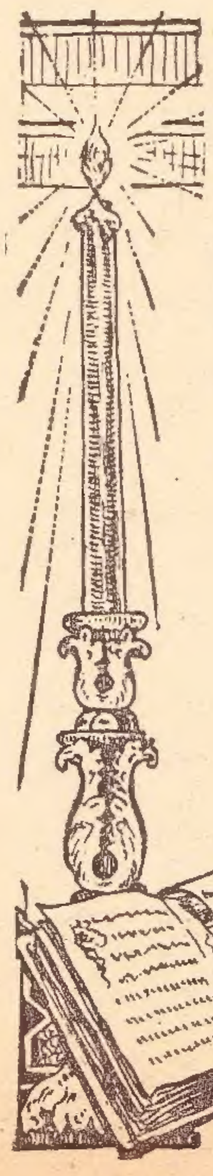
Ye are cursed.—Not that God curses anyone or "lays a curse" upon them. But if we forsake God and His laws and separate ourselves from Him we hurt ourselves. The "curse" here is drought, locusts and bad crops. We said something about this last week.

Malachi calls for the "whole tithe" as symbolizing their entire devotion to God.

Tithes.—The tithe was a farm tax. At one time it was levied on vegetable products alone and was devoted for two years to "Thanksgiving" feasts and in the third stored for the relief of the poor, the priestly tribe of Levi which had no other inheritance, sharing in

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Memory Verse



Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.
—Malachi 3:10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM JUNE 17 TO JUNE 23

Mon.—Malachi 3:7-12.
Tue.—Malachi 3:13-18.
Wed.—Matthew 6:19-24.
Thu.—Acts 5:1-6.
Fri.—Mark 7:6-13.
Sat.—Luke 19:1-10.
Sun.—Psalm 15:1-5.

CHURCHES UNITEDLY ISSUE MESSAGE

"IN this hour of stress we urge all Christian people in Canada with whom our voice has influence to hold fast their confidence in God, to wait patiently for Him, and in the armor of that faith and patience to face courageously the struggle before our Empire and its Allies. We believe that our cause is the cause of Christian civilization, and that divine power and guidance will be given to us to win victory for it, however hard the road we must first travel. And we call upon all to whom God and righteousness are the supreme realities of life to give themselves to this sacred cause with singleness of purpose, dedicating to it all their powers, and grudging no sacrifice, whether of comfort, wealth, or life itself, which will secure for us and our children the precious things won for us by the sacrifices of our fathers."

This statement was signed by Most Rev. Derwyn T. Owen, Primate of the Church of England in Canada; Rev. J. A. Johnston, President of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec; the Right Rev. Stuart C. Parker, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and the Right Rev. John W. Woodside, Moderator of the United Church of Canada.

Our Navy

(From our Prime Minister's message to our Navy as it set forth to fight for Britain.)

You will be supported in your noble mission by the continued and utmost co-operation of all branches of the defence forces of Canada and by the single purpose of the Canadian people in this war. Wherever duty may call you, our thoughts and prayers will be with you all.—W. L. Mackenzie King.

A Prayer for Sailors

(To be used while the war lasts)

ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, Maker of heaven and earth, Who has set bounds to the mighty seas—hear our fervent prayer and be pleased to have in Thy gracious protection, all Sailors of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets and those who serve in Lightships and Rock Lighthouses. Preserve them from the dangers of rock and tempest, fire and foe—sustain them in their Watch and Ward and grant that those who journey across the seas may reach in safety the haven to which they go and with thankful remembrance of Thy mercies, may they praise and glorify Thy Holy Name.

We pray too for their families, and loved ones who wait anxiously at home, may they also be blessed and comforted in all their ways.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

—From "Chart and Compass."

MALACHI

(Continued from Page 7.)

the benefit. At another time the tithes were levied on cattle as well and went to the support of the priests and Levites.

Probably there were few extremes in poverty and wealth among the farming population of Israel so this religious "income tax" would not bear hardly on anyone.

The tithe like the sacrifices meant that a man and all that he had belonged to God. It was a payment "in token." Our Lord (Matt. 23:23; Luke 11:42) reproved the Scribes and Pharisees for omitting "the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy and faithfulness." (Moffatt)

Some of the people in Malachi's time had been in the habit of bringing a portion of their tithes and pretending that it was all. They were keeping up a show of religion but were getting themselves off as cheaply as they could.

Prove Me now.—"Prove God." Try the experiment. Give yourselves entirely to Him and see if He won't repay you many hundred times over. (Deut. 28:12)

What a lovely picture is given us in v. 11. "The windows of heaven" being opened and the blessings of bountiful harvests being poured out on the land.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above.
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

THE SURE PROMISE

"I WILL rebuke for you the devourer." (Marg. Century Bible)

The devourer.—Literally "the eater", —the locust which is such a frequent and destructive plague in the East.

The vine cast her fruit.—Fails to ripen her fruit.

All nations shall call you happy, etc. —Here is another lovely little picture. "A delightsome land." Israel rejoicing and all nations rejoicing with her.

Your words have been stout (hard) against Me.—The prophet in the name of the Lord again addresses the impatient murmurers as in 2:17; 3:8.

Ye have said, It is vain, etc.—People in discouragement have said the same thing all down the world's history. (See Psa. 73:12-17) These were good people, but they saw the proud "happy" and the wicked "prospering" and they couldn't understand it. So they said "We have served God and what have we got out of it?"

This was a poor, mean way of looking at religion. We don't serve God for "profit", for what Carlyle calls "sugar plums of any kind, in this world or the next." Soldiers, sailors, airmen, nurses, doctors, are giving their lives today not for "what they get out of it" but for "what they can put into it." We must be as loyal to God as they are to King and country.

"We have walked mournfully before the Lord." "With outward marks of mourning." (Driver) Probably that is what was the matter with them. They had "walked mournfully" and actually thought that was serving God! A great deal of harm has been done by "gloomy Christians."

The good man's laughter is not like "the crackling of thorns under a pot." (Ecc. 7:6) But if he knows that "underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deut. 33:27) he will look at life bravely and cheerily. Innocent mirth is a Christian grace. When the people were sad Nehemiah (8:9, 10) told them "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

Then they that feared (reverenced) the Lord.—"When they heard these arguments of the sceptics, the God-fearing Israelites discoursed together, doubtless reassuring each other with thoughts of faith and trust in God." (Driver)

The Lord hearkened.—This is a lovely thought. God "hearkening" as His servants encourage each other.

A book of remembrance.—The figure is derived from the custom of Persian kings to have the names of public benefactors inscribed in a book so that in due time they might be rewarded. (See Est. 6:1: "Book of Records" is the same in Heb. as "Book of Remembrance")

Thought on His Name.—Kept their mind on God. When we think thus of God it steadies us through all trouble.

My Jewels.—"My special treasure." See Ex. 19:5; Deut. 7:6; 14:2; 26:13; Psa. 135:4; 1 Peter 2:9. Also note the same word in Eccl. 2:8.

God will be mindful of His children. "Then . . . shall ye discern."—Some day these people who were puzzled would see,—some time we too shall know,—that evil ever defeats itself and that faithful goodness ever conquers even in apparent defeat.

QUESTIONS

1. "Return unto me—". Complete the verse.
3. What was the "tithe"?
2. How had the people "robbed God"?
4. What did Malachi say about a "blessing"?
5. Why were the people discouraged?
6. What is meant by "fearing" the Lord?
7. What was meant by a "Book of Remembrance"?
8. "And they shall be mine—". Complete the verse.

(For Answers please turn to Page 12.)

THE SAGA OF DUNKERQUE

DUNKIRK, lying on the fertile sea coast plain of Northern France, the centre of a net-work of canals, is a famous old town. St. Eloi, missionary to the Belgians and Frisians in the 7th century, is said to have built a "kirk" there among the sand "dunes" and so the little Christian settlement which grew up there got its name. In the centuries intervening it has seen wars of the French, Dutch, Burgundians, Belgians, Spanish and British, and has changed hands many times.

Never did the old town and its surrounding country see a more terrible struggle than that in which the British, French and Belgian armies were engaged in their withdrawal in the face of a German force of overwhelming numbers. It was a retreat lasting over many days; it was a disaster, in the loss of valuable lives, of territory, of supplies and equipment, but there was no panic and there was never a rout. The quality of troops is tested much more sternly in defeat than in victory and the Allied armies stood the test. Several young Canadians, serving in the Royal Air Force, were killed or are missing.

Mr. Churchill in parliament spoke of the "miracle of delivery" of 335,000 men of the trapped British and French armies in Flanders but he warned that "wars are not won by evacuations." The "colossal military disaster" must, he said, neither be forgotten or minimized. "We shall ride out the storm," he declared, and added that Britain will fight "the menace of tyranny" if necessary for years.

"The British Empire and the French Republic" will defend "to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength."

Speaking in London Lord Halifax said that "the British fleet and army and air force are showing by daily example that the unclouded heroism of British arms has in no way ended, and that in valor, in resource, and in tenacity, the men of today are not inferior to those whose deeds are written in gold on the pages of our history."

The evacuation could not have been accomplished without the co-operation of the Royal Air Force, the Royal Navy, and the merchant navy. A number of ships and many men were lost, but others returned again and again under fire to take British and French soldiers from the harbor and beaches of Dunkirk.

The heroism of the nurses, doctors and Red Cross helpers, especially under fire on the beaches of Dunkirk was beyond all praise.

His Majesty King George, in a message to Premier Churchill said,

> I wish to express my admiration of the outstanding skill and bravery shown by the three services (Navy, Army and Air Force) and the merchant navy in the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Northern France.
>
> So difficult an operation was only made possible by brilliant leadership and an indomitable spirit among all ranks of the force. The measure of its success—greater than we had dared to hope—was due to the unfailing support of the Royal Air Force and in the final stages the tireless efforts of naval units of every kind.
>
> While we acclaim this great feat, in which our French Allies, too, have played so noble a part, we think with heartfelt sympathy of the loss and sufferings of those brave men whose self-sacrifice has turned disaster into triumph.

The concluding words of His Majesty's message remind us at what a cost our lives and liberties are being defended for us. They should inspire us to be true and loyal so that in whatever circumstances we may be placed, we too may help our country and the great cause in which it is enlisted.

DUNKERQUE BATTLE SHOWS SPLENDOR OF FREE MEN

In an editorial entitled simply "Dunkerque", the New York Times said on June 1st.

SO LONG as the English tongue survives, the word Dunkerque will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbor, in such a hell as never blazed on earth before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of democracy fell away. There, beaten but unconquered, in shining splendor, she faced the enemy.

"They sent away the wounded first. Men died so that others could escape. It was not so simple a thing as courage, which the Nazis had in plenty. It was not so simple a thing as discipline, which can be hammered into men by a drill sergeant. It was not the result of careful planning, for there could have been little. It was the common man of the free countries, rising in all his glory out of mill, office, factory, mine, farm and ship, applying to war the lessons learned when he went down the shaft to bring out trapped comrades, when he hurled the lifeboat through the surf, when he endured poverty and hard work for his children's sake.

"This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command, or attain, or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts.

"It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is victory."

YOUTH AND WAR

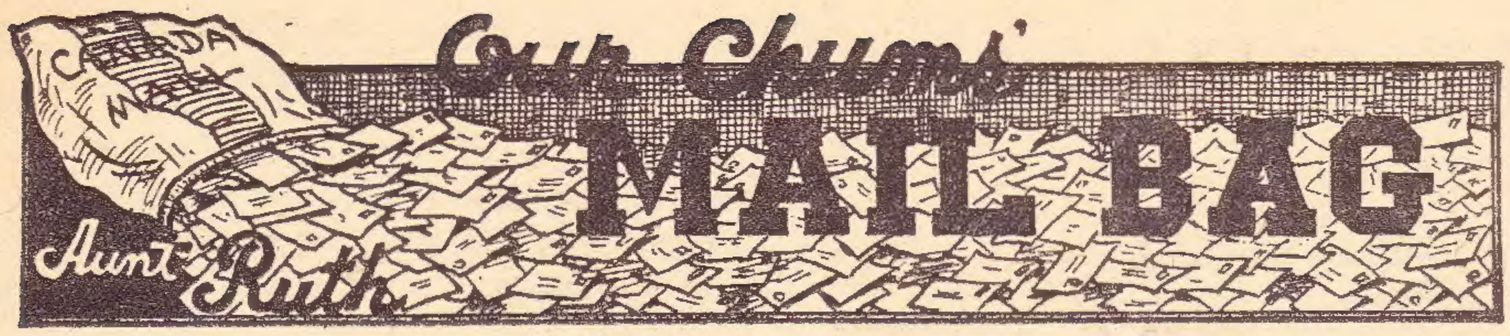
(Continued from Page 5.)

Our Chance

THIS war, bitter as it seems, may well be only the beginning of our chance to prove ourselves. Every brave life given, every heroic deed done, is only another revealing flash of the existence of God in us. God means us to fight for Truth and Purity. We have to fight with guns now because spiritual weapons are so undeveloped. But during this war and from now on our spiritual perceptions are being sharpened.

We are seeing that it is the spirit of free men and women that is winning through. What we must realize is that that spirit comes from God "in whose service is perfect freedom."

We, the youth of the Democracies, must fearlessly, gladly, unhesitatingly dedicate ourselves to Him and follow Him. Many have already done this. Thousands are at the point of doing so. We must all do it. We must pledge to God our lives and on the foundation of that pledge the world of the future will be built.



DEAR CHUMS,—

All of you remember how last year we followed the progress of our King and Queen through Canada so eagerly. How keen we were to hear every bit of news about them! Some of us travelled miles to see them, perhaps we saved up our pennies to be able to afford the trip. Would we save now to help protect them as well as ourselves from danger? There is only one answer.

Even the youngest of us can help in Canada's war effort by buying War Savings Certificates. These Certificates can be bought at Banks, Post Offices and stores and they provide an excellent way to help the government by investing our money where it is most needed. Everyone can begin saving to buy Certificates, using his coppers, nickels, and dimes to buy War Savings Stamps at 25c each. Sixteen of these stamps will buy one $5.00 Certificate.

If you keep your Certificate for seven and one half years you will receive back what you paid for it *with interest.* If you want to cash it before that time you can get back the exact amount you paid for it, after six months from the time you buy it. But most of us are not thinking so much about getting our money back as about giving it *now* when it is needed. In the years to come the money from our Certificates will be very useful. *TODAY* Canada and the Empire need our help and we *can* help by saving, buying Stamps, buying Certificates and encouraging others to buy them too.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Marjorie George from Sandra Buchanan

Dear Marjorie, — Thanks ever so much for your very enjoyable letter. You are my only pen pal.

I am very thin; are you?

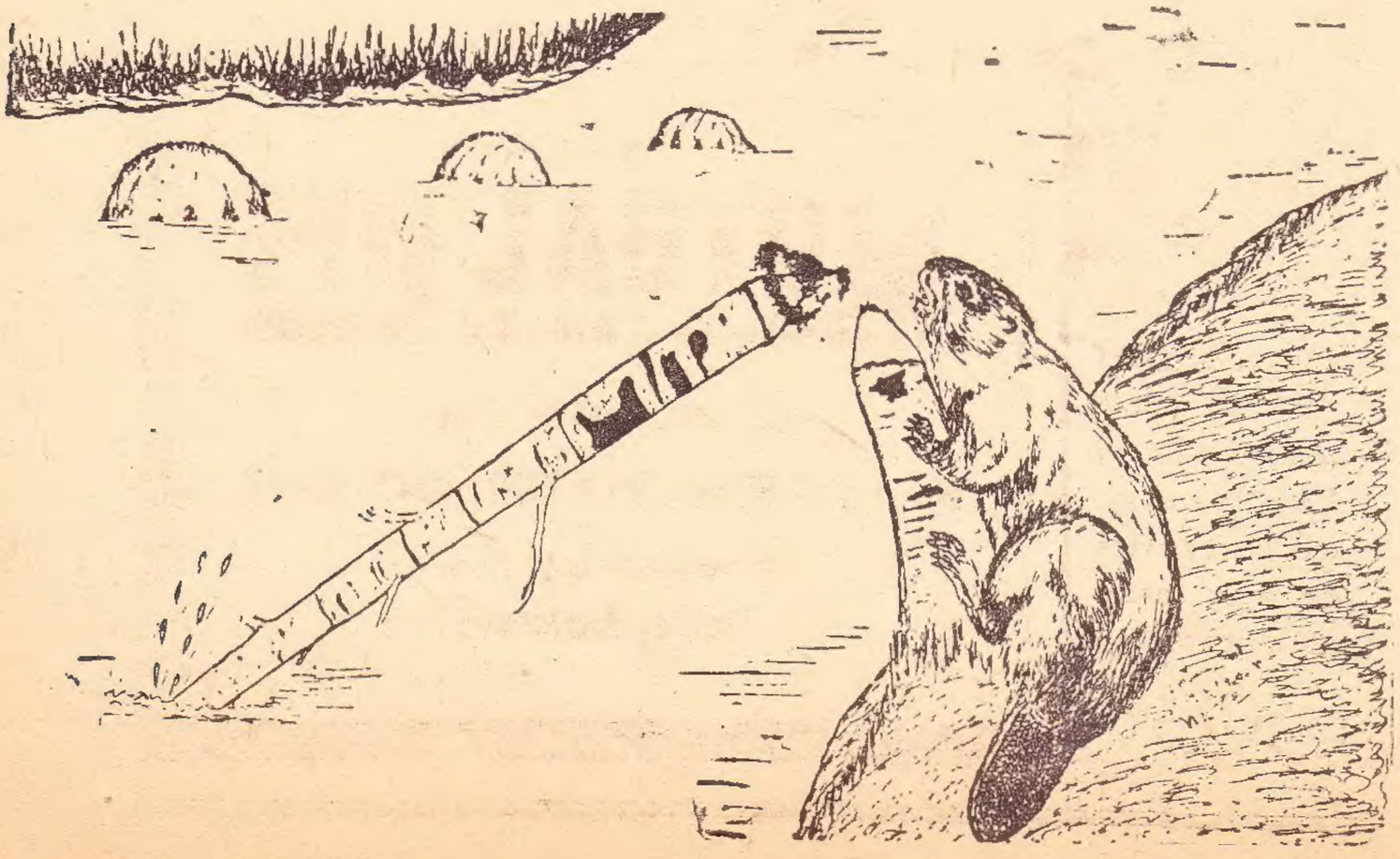
In school, what grade are you in? I took some Latin last year in Grade seven and I took the same over again this year, the first seventy pages of First Latin Lessons. I find French very interesting. I am very fond of drawing, although I can't do it. I don't take music lessons, as this is only a small village and there is no place to take anything of that sort . I love violin music. I find the Chums' Mail Bag very interesting.

We also have a Junior Red Cross. I was president but I gave it up. We have a Sewing Club which I enjoy very much. I live in a small fishing village. The people are mostly of English descent. The village is situated right on the Atlantic Ocean. Back of the houses there are many trees. The houses are all along the shore. There are two churches, Anglican and Presbyterian. There is one school.

Yes, I have a diary. I received my diary as a gift from the Sunday School.

My favorite summer sport is swimming. Please write soon. Yours very sincerely,—Sandra Buchanan.

A very nice letter, Sandra..—A. R.



Devotions

Mary Agnes Colville

That birds and beasts are not devout,
I surely won't agree,
For robins sing their matin songs
Each morning in our tree;
And only just last evening,
While sitting on the stair,
I watched my kitten fold her paws,
As if in bedtime prayer;
And then, when noontime came around,
Right at the Angelus hour,
I saw a horse bow low his head
Beneath an old church tower.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I was very glad to see my letter in the Northern Messenger last week and also glad to see my name in the Honorable Mention. I was also glad to see and read Aunt Ruth's letter.

I would like to find a pen-pal about my age. Well, I think that is all for now. I do not want to write too much so there will be room for more letters. Yours truly,—Ronald Lewis, N.B.

Ans.—I just wish there were more letters clamoring for space. Don't worry about keeping your letters short enough. Very few of you write enough to satisfy the editor, who loves to see the Page full of entertaining letters, not just giving bare facts (how old you are, your height, weight, etc.) but launching out into a description of something really interesting.—A. R.

Spring

In spring, when snow has gone away
Wee flowers peep out most every day.
The birds fly back with joy again
And watch the leaves come with the rain
Oh, happy spring when grass is green,
Though fles come buzzing at the screen
We all are glad that spring is here
Because we've waited for a year.

By Chum Marjorie A. McConachie.
(Aged 11 years)

The Beaver

Although the beaver has been known to reach a weight of 68 pounds he belongs to the same family as the squirrel and the mouse. There once was a prehistoric form of the animal which weighed about 400 pounds, judging from fossil remains. There are thousands of places in the United States and Canada which bear the beaver's name, and, although he has been extinct in England since the thirteenth century, there are at least a dozen places on the Island—such as Beverly, Beverstone and Beversbrook —which still bear witness to his former habitat.—Exchange.

THE BEANROWS

By R. H. GRENVILLE

JOHN was hoeing the earth between the beanrows in his own especial part of the garden when David the boy who lived next door, called to him over the fence.

"What are you doing?" David wanted to know.

"Hoeing the beans," replied John. "Daddy says it is certain to rain before long, and I want them to have all the moisture they can get."

"What do you think of mine?" asked David, indicating a row of broad-leaved vegetables at the bottom of the next-door garden. John looked at them indifferently.

"Not bad," he said, "but I think they could be taller."

"They're as tall as yours," said David.

"They are **not!**" retorted John crossly. "Mine were taller than that six weeks ago!" And then, somehow, they were in the midst of a heated quarrel about the beans.

When he entered the kitchen his Mother looked up from the cake she was icing. He could see she had heard everything. "I suppose you are going to tell me it was all David's fault," she said.

"Of course it is," grumbled John. "Always thinking he has the best of everything. I think his silly old beans are weedy, and I told him so."

"I don't think that was very nice of you," said his Mother. John stared at her, feeling a little hurt and a good deal ashamed.

"It is always easy to say something unkind," she went on, "and to make people fell unhappy. That is what Jesus was probably thinking of when he said, 'It is more blessed to give than receive'. Encouragement is a beautiful thing to give, and it doesn't cost very much."

John looked thoughtful. He was not really a selfish boy, and so was quick to see the wisdom of these words.

A few days later he came running into the house, eyes shining and cheeks rosy with excitement.

"I was helping David to weed his garden," he said, "when his father came down and watched us. He said we were such friendly gardeners that he would help us build a miniature garden in the rockery. He has the little houses and bridges all ready, . . . and we're going to make a lake too, and sail little ships on it!" In a few moments he was off again, carrying the trowel and a short-handled spade.

Mother had been right, about being generous with words, for John was thinking, "It's been much more fun since I stopped criticising and started to help instead."

"See here, Tommy," said the teacher, "you mustn't say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going; he is not going; they are not going; we are not going'."

"Gee," said Tommy, "ain't nobody going?"

YOUR DOG

Sometimes when life has gone wrong with you,
And the world seems a dreary place,
Has your dog ever silently crept to your feet,
His yearning eyes turned to your face—
Has he made you feel that he understands,
And all that he asks of you
Is to share your lot, be it good or ill,
With a chance to be loyal and true?
Are you branded a failure? He does not know—
A sinner? He does not care—
You're "master" to him—that's all that counts—
A word, and his day is fair.
Your birth and your station is nothing to him;
A palace and a hut are the same—
And his love is yours, in honor and peace,
And it's yours through disaster or shame.
Though others forget you, and pass you by,
He is ever your faithful friend—
Who is ready to give you the best that is his.
Unstintedly to the end.

—Esther B. Darling in Up in Alaska

ALL GOOD FRIENDS!

"OH dear! Are those birdies not afraid?
It does not seem safe for them here!"
The chickens are timidly clucking,
As pussy is creeping so near.
"Oh, why don't they fly off to safety?
Of mischief that kitten is full.
Perhaps he is thinking of giving
Their lovely long feathers a pull!"

But, after admiring their colors,
The pussy-cat wanders away,
To look for some mischief, perhaps, or
A game more exciting to play.
For he's used to the "dickies" of all kinds,
And the big feathered folks on the farm;
And though he may be very playful,
The pussy will do them no harm.

You may wonder those bright, pretty birdies
Don't fly right away from their home;
But a high roof of wire is above them,
And so they're unable to roam.
But they'd never fly far from the farmyard
Or wish in the woods to be free,
For all the farm creatures are friends, so
They're happy as happy can be!

—Mabel M. Stevenson, in Little Dots.

"Women," declared the quiet little man in the corner seat, "endure pain more heroically than men. I know it from experience."

"Are you a doctor, may I ask?" queried a fellow-passenger.

"No, sir, I am a shoemaker," replied the little man.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1869

Head Office, WATERLOO, ONT.

"Owned by the Policyholders"

Aquatic Birds Keep House

ALETHA M. BONNER

JOYCE KILMER'S famous tree that "wore a nest of robins in her hair," must have been a cheery, or perhaps a mulberry, since it is a well-known fact that the robin redbreast family prefer tree-apartments with a cafeteria on the premises!

There are many birds, however, which do not build "in the hair" of any tree, but choose rather to "set up housekeeping" on terra firma. Aquatic birds, in particular, have this ground-floor complex; and this seems odd in view of their abiding predilection for water.

Yet, after all, this may be the reason—for when one is a bird and has paddled around in water all day, good earth underfoot does feel comfortable; and to have a cozy nest, within walking distance of a beach or branch or brook, is "ducky" indeed!

At least, the mallards and the canvas-back ducks seem to think so, for they build their nests on marshy ground, hidden away in a thicket of rushes and reeds.

Mrs. C-B Duck really prefers a semi-floating nest-boat, and builds a deep basket-like affair of sticks and reeds, anchoring it in a clump of water-grown plants; and here Master Donald and little sister Daisy can swim in the backyard to their heart's content.

Their first cousin (and an "ugly duckling"), the shy pied-billed, bobbed-tailed grebe, has a floating palace of grass and reeds. When baby grebes first leave the nest, it is aboard the the back of their father or mother, but they soon "take to water", as does every duck.

According to legendary lore the halcyon birds (better known today as kingfishers) were said to build floating nests on the ocean and were thought to "possess mysterious power to calm troubled waters during the nesting season"—hence the origin of the term "halcyon days," meaning, days of fair weather.

Apropos of other significant bird-terms, it is interesting to know that the petrel, which forms its nest in the sand in localities adjoining the sea, derives its name from a Bible character—Peter, the Apostle who walked on waves, for this reason; when the birds are in pursuit of food, they extend their wings, and appear to walk on the surface of the water.

And in direct contrast to the fair-weather halcyons, seamen predict "poor sailing weather," when the water-walkers take to the air and circle around a ship, this is why the birds are often called "stormy petrels."

Continuing the census of ground-nesting water-birds, the huge-billed brown and white pelicans should be mentioned. The former chooses a sandy setting for their nesting home, which is a substantial structure of twigs and leaves and weeds, usually located on small islands in the sea but never far from the mainland. The latter pelican folk have for their building site floating islands of massed driftwood and vegetation.

Easily disturbed, the seemingly ever-smiling birds will desert their eggs and young on the slightest provocation; despite this desertion, pelican colonies are on the increase.

Another bird is the common tern, a graceful water-fowl with forked but featherly tail, and needle-sharp bill, whose "Home Sweet Home" is a scooped-out, saucer-like hole in the sand on some treasure island of the sea.

Noisy and restless in nature, they have gained the name of "wide-awake"; and in his day Audubon—the world's greatest bird-lover, described a visit to a tern rookery: "Rising in swarms like those of bees in their hives, with cries that deafen one. . . . I felt as if the birds would raise me from the ground, so thick were they all around and so quick the motion of their wings."

Among the feathered architects who build more imposing nests on the ground are the long-legged, and long-necked flamingoes. Looking on during the building process, one might fancy these colorful (rosy-pink) creatures were making "mud pies"; but after much scraping and patting into shape with bill and feet, a foot-high nest is formed out of the muddy mass.

When completed and somewhat dried out, one or two chalky-white eggs are deposited therein; Master Flamingo attends to the incubation, and soon there are the web-footed stilt-like legs of young Master Flam, stepping from the nest.

If sky-scraper effects in straw and reeds are desired, engage a swan to do the work! Both the Mister and the Madam (mated for life) toil indefatigably when building—a coastline or an island site is chosen, then begins the huge building project.

When completed the nest reaches a height of some three feet, and is some five or six feet in diameter. "High and dry from possible floods," seems a slogan of the swans when they start erecting their down-lined nests of reeds and grass, of sticks and straw.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts."
2. They had neglected to bring their offerings and tithes to the temple.
3. A tax of a tenth on their produce and cattle for the support of the priests and Levites and the relief of the poor.
4. Mal. 3:10.
5. Because they saw the wicked prospering.
6. Reverencing Him.
7. A record of public benefactors kept for the Persian kings. Even so those who serve God are not forgotten.
8. Mal. 3:17.

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RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. What has 50 legs but cannot walk.
2. Big at the bottom, small at the top, a thing in the middle goes hippety-hop.
3. What starts at the root and grows down?
4. What's the value of the moon.—E. Reibel

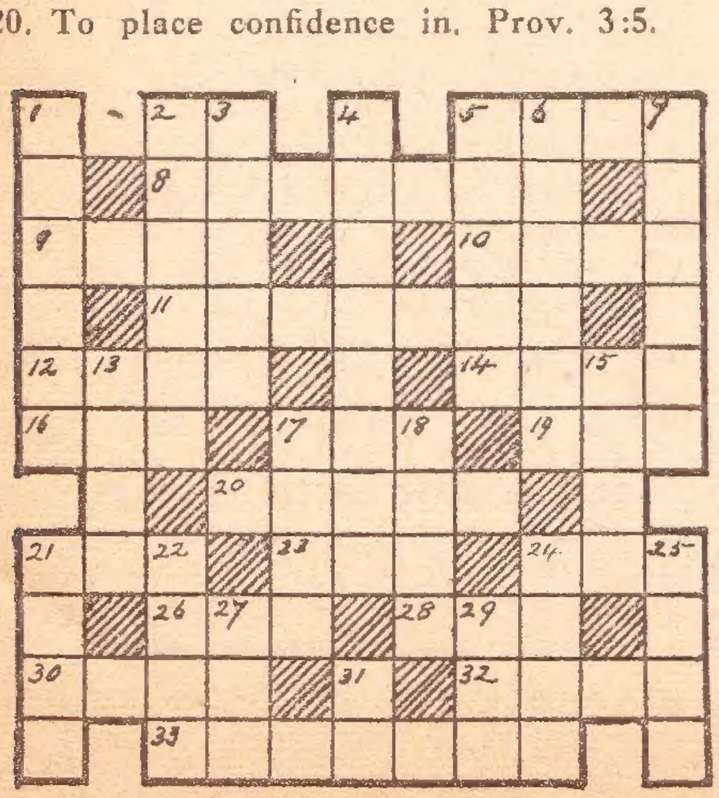
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Down

1. One of the 12 Apostles. Mark 3:18
2. An old disciple. Acts 21:16.
3. Paul's companion on his second journey. Acts 15:40.
4. Where Saul first preached Christ. Acts 9.20.
5. Armies. I Sam. 7:45.
6. Fatherless children (sing.) Lam. 5:3.
7. A Jewish queen of Persia.
13. The man who built the Ark. Heb. 11:7
15. Used to lock or unlock. Rev. 1:18.
17. Grandson of Cain. Gen. 4:18.
18. Isaac's eldest son. Gen. 27:1.
21. One of the judges. Judges 10:1.
22. An oasis in the wilderness where Israel camped. Ex. 15:27.
24. Interjection. Rev. 18:10.
25. A supreme ruler. Rev. 19:16.
27. Service. 2 Tim. 2:21.
29. A period of time.
31. While. Luke 9:29.

Across

1. A gift of charity. Matt. 6:4.
5. An expectant desire. 1 Cor. 13:13.
8. One of the 7 deacons. Acts 6:5.
9. A timepiece. 2 Kings 20:11.
10. A disgusting expression of contempt. Matt. 26:67.
11. Hosts. Rom. 9:29.
12. Grandson of Adam. Gen. 5:6.
14. Cause. Mark 8:35.
16. Gained. I Peter 3:1.
17. Solid water. Job 38:29.
19. Saul's uncle. I Sam. 14:50.
20. To place confidence in. Prov. 3:5.
21. Definite article. Eccles. 12:5.
23. Son of Abijam, king of Judah. 1 Kings 15:8.
24. To request. John 15:7.
26. A grandson of Noah. Gen. 10:22.
28. One of the Israelites who had married strange wives. Ezra 10:34.
30. Timothy's grandmother. 2 Tim. 1:5.
32. Necessary for crops. Isa. 55:10.
33. Another name for Christ.—John 4:25.



WHAT AM I?

As to my age, if you had never heard,
You'd think me ancient by my hoary beard;
Yet my existence will so short appear,
I never yet was known to live a year,
Unless in climates far from Britain's shore,
Where I have lived for ages heretofore.
At my approach I make the stoutest yield,
And cause whole armies soon to quit the field.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Answers to Riddles.—1. Your father. 2. No. If there is a widow the man must be dead. 3. A ditch. 4. There would be three people, a grandfather, his son and his grandson.—Sent in by Rose Dickson, Ont.

Birds.—The Robin.

Rhyming Riddle.—Summer Holidays.

Chinese Song

Oh come to the tea shop with me,
And buy a pound of the best;
'Twill prove a most excellent tea,
Its quality all will attest.

'Tis only four shillings a pound,
So come to the tea mart and try,
No better can elsewhere be found,
Or that any other need buy.

HORSES AND RIDERS

THIS game has a "cowboy" flavor that will appeal to boys. Any even number may play. Two groups of equal size are formed, one being known as the horses, the other as the riders. A limit is set to the territory over which the horses shall range.

The riders drive the horses out into the range and then face about, giving the horses a chance to hide. Then the round-up begins, each rider bringing back to the goal as many horses as he can tag.

A time limit is set for the round-up. If half or more of the horses have been driven back by the riders, the latter win the game and become the horses for the next round. If the riders do not succeed in capturing at least half the horses, they must take another turn.

THE SAUSAGE TREE, (Kigelia Pinnata) bears curious and fascinating fruit resembling a boiled-ham sausage in appearance. The tree is native to Africa, but the climate of Florida and Hawaiian Islands has proved favorable for growing this unique tree.

The elephant perspires between its toes. A few hairs may be found growing on its tail, or head. With its trunk it is able to pick up a pin, or move a house.

The Seed-bearing Pod of the Rubber-tree contains a gas which causes it to explode when ripe, throwing the seeds from 95 to 100 feet away from the parent tree.

Digger Wasps use tools. A tiny stone is held in its jaws to pat down the earth, to hide the place the nest is made. Other kinds use a little stick as a broom to sweep the soil smooth.—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

Charles: Electricity is wonderful. I tell you it makes one think.

Miss Sharp: Yes. Why don't you get a battery?

Natural Reluctance

The negro who worked as an extra at one of the Hollywood studios was called upon, in the filming of a scene purporting to show an African jungle, to enter a camouflaged cage containing a performing lion. The prospect did not appeal to the candidate. He demurred at it.

"What's the matter with you?" said the assistant director. "That lion's not going to hurt you. That lion was brought up on milk."

"So wuz I brung up on milk," said the unhappy darky, "but I eats meat once in a while now."

Probably

"My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if we women did it, they'd call it nagging!"

Easy

"Tommy," called Mrs. Jones to her neighbor's little boy, "run along and put this 'ere parcel on the bus."

"Which bus?"

"Any bus," replied Mrs. Jones. "It's me 'usband's lunch; 'e works at the lost property office."

"How much petrol, sir?"

"Let me see—I am not going far. Put me in a quart of petrol and a half-pint of oil."

"And shall I breathe some air into the tires, sir?"

SALADS ENLIVENED WITH COLD COOKED VEGETABLES

IN warm weather it is a good plan to cook more vegetables than are really required at one meal, as they make, or aid in making, such good salads and cold dishes. Again, where vegetables, especially green vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, and so on, wilt quickly, it is advisable to cook them as soon as possible, even if not required immediately. They can always be reheated, as follows:

Put a little good dripping in a fireproof dish, and when hot, chop the vegetables small and add, season, and stir over low heat until hot through, or put the dish into a moderate oven. Serve in the fireproof dish.

FARMHOUSE SALAD

For this dish use any cooked vegetables at hand, such as potatoes, carrots, turnips, French beans, cauliflower, peas according to season. Cut potatoes, carrots and turnips into small dice; French beans are, of course, shredded before cooking. Cauliflowers are broken into small sprays. Mix any or all of these together daintily, sprinkle with salt or pepper, and pour over a salad dressing. This may be garnished with washed and trimmed radishes, or dished on a bed of washed lettuce. Thinly-sliced spring onions, shredded cucumber, beetroot, or watercress, may be used with these salads. If only potatoes, carrots and turnips are available, they make a nice salad by themselves.

A thick dressing is best for this kind of salad, such as mayonnaise or potato dressing.

Potato Dressing.—*Required*: Two tablespoonfuls of boiled and sieved potato, 1-2 teaspoonful of made mustard, 3 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, salt, pepper, 1-2 teaspoonful of sugar.

Put the potatoes into a basin with the mustard, sugar, salt and pepper, and mix well, gradually stir in the oil, and when well mixed pour in the vinegar. Add to the salad just before serving it.

Vegetable Patties.—Use a mixture of vegetables as for the croquettes, mix with suitable sauce, put into cooked pastry cases. These may be eaten hot or cold. If the latter, mix with salad sauce.—Sel.

Maple Sugar From Home

Then we like exiles broke the golden bar,
Crumbling and moist with sweetness from the hills
And streams, the sun-warmed soil of home, hid far
Beyond the endless gullies of the sea.

Tasting pale honey from a dust-stained jar,
No Grecian wanderer long pining for the rills,
The scented herbage of a lost Hymettus, bore
Deeper within his heart a vain regret than we,
Remembering in one swift pang a clover field
And thrusting corn, and tawny brooks that pour
Down from the hazy slopes, and maple trees that yield
A snow-cold nectar from their living core.
Listening, we heard the harp notes of a thrush
Singing for nightfall in the sugar bush.

—Lenore A. Pratt, in Montreal Star.

Milton Learns About School

HILDA RICHMOND.

MILTON went with the other members of the family to see big Brother Harris graduated from college. Milton was only in the first grade, so it seemed a long way, from every point of view, from the schoolhouse near his home to the big group of college buildings with hundreds of young men and women. There were flowers and good times and speeches and music and so many unusual happenings that Milton was a little confused.

"Is college always as nice as this?" he asked.

"No college is a long period of hard work, Buddy," said big Brother Harris. "This is a kind of picnic or good time to finish this school, just as you have a picnic on the last day of your school."

"But I'll have to go back pretty soon, and you won't," said Milton. "Mother said so. She said you had finished college."

Milton was not lazy any more than other little boys are lazy, and he loved Miss Ellen, his teacher, but it seemed very hard to think he would have to go to school until he was as big and as strong as Harris. Of course it would be nice to have the good times and everybody happy when school was done, but it was a long way off. He looked up at tall Harris and gave a little sigh, but nobody heard the sigh, and if they had heard they would not have known what it was about.

The next day he came running into the house, breathlessly. "Mother! Mother! What do you think? Dan told me that Miss Ellen is going to school this summer. Why, Mother, Miss Ellen knows everything," he said.

"Yes, most teachers go to school in summer, Milton," said his busy mother. "They learn new things there."

"Oh dear! I thought school was done when folks grew up," said Milton. "Mother, may I go over to Grandfather's and see him work in his garden?"

Permission being given, Milton soon covered the short intervening distance, but he did not see Grandfather in the garden, and Grandmother told him that he was not at home. "He has gone to a lecture—one of a course of lectures on gardening, Milton," said Grandmother. "You know he is anxious to win the prize for his dahlias this fall, so he wants to learn all he can about them."

"What is a course of lectures, Grandmother?"

"Well, it's like school, a school for big people, Milton. You see, our minister goes away to summer school every summer, and the doctors must learn new things, and they even have schools for people who work in stores. There is always something new to learn.

"Then I'll have to go to school as long as I live," and Milton actually began to cry. "If all the rest go, I'll have to go," he sobbed.

Before his tears were dried, but after Grandmother had explained that grown people went to school because they wanted to go and that he would probably always want to go, his friend Kenneth came running in to find Milton. "What do you think, Milton?" he said, almost out of breath, "Robert's big brother is going to start a little school down by the river and will teach us to swim and fish and make bird houses. Your mother said you could go if you wanted to. Hurry, or we shall miss something."

And when the delightful lesson was over, Milton confided to his mother that he had learned about school for big folks that morning, and if it was as nice as the first grade and the lessons the college student had taught them in the class by the river, he wanted to go to school all his life.

"And so you shall, Milton," she answered. "It is God's plan that everyone shall learn and grow in understanding as long as he lives, and you will always find it pleasant if you work hard."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

It is wonderful how near conceit is to insanity.—Jerrold.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JUNE 14, 1940.

DO WE WANT PEACE ON GOD'S TERMS?

WOULD any intelligent nation fight if it could otherwise be assured its fair place in the sun, freedom within its borders, its due share of the world's territory and resources and freedom of international trade and intercourse—and PEACE!

The British Empire is composed of a federation of loyal peoples, loyal because they enjoy that ideal, in greater measure than they could separately, under the sceptre of their common king.

The 48 United States of America are another great example of peace and prosperity within a voluntary federation.

Surely what has proven advantageous in such mighty aggregations of diversified peoples would prove equally advantageous for a still larger federation.

If the United States—as a nation at this writing still professedly outside the conflict,—would propose such a world federation, and at once set about to create it so far as nations could be induced to share in it, it would be the greatest bomb yet exploded in the war, for it would undermine the costly forces of belligerent aggression.

But it would mean the surrender of petty nationalism and substituting for it the higher loyalty to the larger ideal.

The British Empire has not only led the way in federating states to their common good and the world's benefit; it has been constantly raising the standard of the federation and increasing the freedom of its component peoples. The ever-increasing freedom within the framework of the Empire is what makes for increasing satisfaction and increasing loyalty on the part of its member nations.

Canada of course would have to share her wealth and her sparsely settled territories with those who are suffering from overcrowded countries. The United States would have to yield its exclusiveness and isolationism. And Britain, Mother of Parliaments, would have to yield her place as mistress and become neither more nor less than a factor in the larger parliament for which she had paved the way.

But such surrenders would bring Peace, and peace would bring prosperity and happiness.

If we really want peace on God's terms—a peace that is just to the oppressed within our own nation, a peace that is just to all other nations, we must be ready to pay the price and account it a trifle as compared with the cost of greed, hate, prejudice and spite.

If we really want the peace of God which is so effective, so sublime that it "passeth human understanding" let us pray for it, pay for it, live it and labor for it with all our might.

THIS TRAGIC BUT STRATEGIC HOUR

AT the moment of writing Hitler, having conquered the great French and Belgian ports on the British Channel, has struck rapidly and deeply at the heart of France. And French and British forces are doing their best to withstand that thrust. Democracies are going down one after another, like nine pins. Even the democracies separated from Europe and the Orient by wide oceans are losing faith in their isolationism. It is a very dark world. A conscienceless might seems to be prevailing.

But only those who do not know God can conclude that God is losing. The Christian must believe and does have confidence, in spite of appearances, in spite of tragic defeats, that God will win and is indeed winning.

* * *

What Can I Do to Help Win the Peace?

But what is God winning? Or who? And how? What is His "objective?"

Surely His objective is the establishment of His Kingdom on Earth—a kingdom not of geographical or racial, political or sociological boundaries, but a kingdom of men and women, old and young, who are absolutely surrendered to Him and consecrated to His service. His kingdom is composed of men and women who, while rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, are still rendering unto God the things that are God's, men and women who are taking up their cross and following Christ:

To this end God sent His Son into the world,—to this end Christ lived and died on the cross and rose again. To this end we who call ourselves Christian must live and must be ready to die if need be. In so doing we shall be on the winning side, winning the Kingdom of God.

* * *

There was nothing selfish in Christ. There must be no selfishness in His followers. He lived and died that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish but have life, the more abundant life, eternal life. And that must be the objective of His followers.

"Whosoever" can and will include Germans and Italians, Russians and Japanese as well as British, French, Americans and other nationals.

Speaking to his disciples, Christ said "the Kingdom of God is within you." Therefore wherever the true Christian is there is the Kingdom of God. And Christ said again "the Kingdom cometh without observation." It is coming even in these dark days, but people do not observe its approach because of their materialism or apathy.

Unless we want God's kingdom to come, regardless of personal cost or material losses, as a spiritual kingdom we are aliens to that kingdom and enemies of God. We cannot here be neutrals.

And what is our vision of the Kingdom on earth, and how can we go about it so that, pleasing God, we can expect His help? (More overleaf).

Read again that remarkable prophecy of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, where in *Locksley Hall* he pictured the silent war drums in a world Federation under the "Parliament of Man." It was written nearly a hundred years ago when air planes were dreams of the poet and the scoff of the engineers.

We have space for only a few short stanzas.

A GREAT PROPHECY

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

* * *

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

A Freedom-Loving Island People

THE taking over of the Faroe Islands by the Allies for the duration of the war can be justified on humanitarian grounds alone.

The majority of the people there are highly civilized and dependent on the import of manufactured foods, goods and luxuries, all of which came to them by the merchant ships of the mother country; and no other power except Norway had any regular communication with them.

The exports of the Faroes are almost entirely of salt sun-dried cod.

It is a mistake to suppose that the islanders are Danes. Like Iceland, Faroe was colonized by the Norwegians and held under the crown of Norway, and was once part of the diocese of Bergen.

When Norway united wth Sweden n 1814 the Faroes, with Iceland and Greenland, remained under the crown of Denmark. But the islanders had their own dialect, and no amount of infiltration of Danish has destroyed it. In fact, in the last 50 years it has been revived more strongly than ever, with the sturdy determination of the people to acquire self-government.

There are today two political parties in the Faroes: one desiring to preserve unity with Denmark, the other desiring home rule on Icelandic lines, that is, with only the king as a link with Denmark. And now home rule, under Allied protection has suddenly been given them.

Until Germany seized Denmark the Faroes had their "lagting" in the form of a county council, and they were represented in the Danish Government by a member in both the Upper and Lower Houses at Copenhagen.

The Governor of the islands has under him a Judge and a chief constable, and six syslumenn, or district officers of state. This force always sufficed to keep order among the 35, 000 or so law-abiding inhabitants of the 16 occupied islands of the Faroes.

The Faroes present a wild topography. Each island rises abruptly from the sea, often almost sheer to one or two thousand feet; little scattered villages and towns seem to cling with difficulty to the green slopes, whose tops are seldom free of mist, because of the prevailing mountain-sea fog. It is a desolate, treeless wet land, but magnificent fjords, in which there is remunerative whale-hunting, thread the mountains from north to south, and the fishermen-farmers in their croft-villages are hospitable people.

In the small outer isles life is more primitive, but none the less courteous and hospitable; the inhabitnats spin their own wool and make their own clothes, and they are almost self-supporting with their potatoes and cows and sheep, fishing, bird-snaring, and peat-cutting. The potato has made possible a great increase of population where previously there was often famine on the failure of the rye and oats.

The Faroes felt the pinch of adversity early in the war, and flour, tea, tobacco, coffee (the chief drink), and engine and radio spare parts and petrol have been very scarce. Under Allied protection it is certain that the people will be better off.

Strategically the islands are important for the Allies. Hitherto enemy ships could run for shelter in the mist covered fjords. Now the Allies have a useful base, if they wish to use it, for refuelling and other operations, half-way between the Shetlands and Iceland.

There are sseveral good harbors; Torshavn, with its town of 4,000 inhabitants, the capital, is best known. The mountainous nature of the islands would make the establishment of aerodromes extremely difficult. Few airmen have risked a landing in the Faroes, but in 1933 Lindbergh landed and took off at Suderoe.

The spirit of the people, is that of freedom-loving men and women who live and prosper under the North Atlantic storms.Not least among the foes of the Nazis henceforth will be the hardy fishermen of the Faroes, who know the sea from Greenland to Shetland.—LondonTimes

Brave Nurses

ON the beaches of Dunkirk, nurses are carrying on the great traditions of Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell. They are caring for the wounded in a storm of air and artillery bombardment.

Some have been killed, others wounded. But these Red Cross nurses have stuck grimly to their posts and refused to leave until the last wounded have been brought safely across the Channel.

"I cannot describe what we feel about those girls," said one wounded Tommy. "Out on that dreadful beach, with German planes continually overhead, and shells bursting all the time, they have worked without stopping for days past.

"I have seen some of them killed as they have gone about their work.

"Angels is the only word you can use to describe them."—C. P.

Have You
a War Saving Certificate?
"You Can Serve by
Saving."